OUR WAR PRESIDENTS--IS PERSHING THE NEXT?

THE scribes are already beginning to speculate on the presidential possibilities for 1920. Some of the prognostications are plausible, others are preposterous; but the following article from the pen of one of the Hearst writers presents the name of a possible candidate in a manner that makes a striking appeal to the imagination:

Every war has made a president of the United States. Maj. Gen. John J. Pershing, commander of the expeditionary army in France, is a natural born soldier, though a political favorite.

Anyone who imagines that he is not ambitious, capable of seizing every opportunity and of even making opportunities, does not know him.

The Revolutionary war made the first president—Washington.

The next war, 1812, made Andrew Jackson president.

The next war with Mexico in 1846 made Zachery Taylor president.

The next was the civil war, and it made Ulysses Grant president.

Next came the war with Spain, in 1898, and little as that war was, it made Theodore Roosevelt president.

When Roosevelt became president his enemies charged that his great personal friendship for General Leonard Wood was responsible for Wood's elevation over several hundred senior officers. And when Pershing was jumped over 862 officers from a captaincy to a generalship Roosevelt's enemies made pointed references to the act that Pershing had married the daughter of United States Senator Warren of Wyoming, chairman of the committee on military affairs.

But time has amply vindicated Roosevelt's judgment as to the merits of both officers and incidentally proved the selective promotion is right.

Pershing was the logical selection to lead the first expeditionary forces to Europe; he was the logical man to quiet the clamor for Roosevelt himself. Pershing's name was a sedative and was perhaps the only name that would have served.

He first furnished a mighty good background for himself among the exalted by his deeds in the Philippines.

Now there are a great many other officers in our army whose records are as brilliant as Pershing's. There are other men who are probably just as capable. It is not likely that military men will agree that Pershing is by any means our greatest soldier, but the fact remains that he stands foremost in the public eye.

Had Frederick Funston lived it is conceivable that he would have been sent to France. He was regarded as the ideal soldier. Maybe he was no greater, if as great, militarywise, as Pershing or J. Franklin Bell, or Leonard Wood, or some of our other generals, but he was better known to the people.

And it will probably not be denied at Washington that Pershing's reputation had something to do with his selection; it will probably not be claimed that he was chosen after a close analysis of the records of all our fighting men had been made and his found to assay best.

He was chosen because the people have confidence in him, which is a pretty good basis on which to choose men. In his case it probably will be found that the confidence is fully justified.

And now destiny puts him in command of the first forces in the greatest war in which America, or any other country has ever engaged—it makes him custodian of the very heart of his native land, this dashing debonnair product of old Missouri.

Then where? Then what? Who knows?

Pershing at 57 years of age, is as agile as any man—not as most men, but any man—at 35. He is a saddle-hardened man; a campaign burned, field dried fellow with a great capacity for endurance.

Educated, polished, a linquist to a certain extent, a lover of good society, he is the best ideal of the American army officer because first before those things he is a fighting man. He used to be a beautiful dancer and he is still a beautiful fighter.

He comes of good American stock. He is a real American in every way. You cannot pay any man a much higher compliment.

If when the smoke of battle dies away and John J. Pershing returns to his own people safe and sound, there are other honors in store for him, he will probably be found as worthy of them as he has been worthy of his honors in the past.

THE NEW ROOSEVELT

TO err is human; and Colonel Roosevelt, from behind his teeth to the sole of his feet has more of the stuff Old Adam was fashioned of than the average man. A personality so intensely human is naturally much given to error, but there is a divinity that stirs within the meanest of us, and this we should remember when judging of others. A glimpse of this divinity has been afforded of late to folks with an eye on Teddy. Everybody expected to see Teddy sulk when deprived of the opportunity of going to France with a division he had raised when many of his enemies were asleep. Great of course was his chagrin, and great, too, his anger at the imputation that his motive was chiefly political; but we saw the sun set on his anger, saw revealed the godlike soul that knows the glory of restraint. "Hath any wronged thee?" asks the philosopher. "Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work is begun." They who have conceived that Roosevelt was wronged have seen him slight the deed and win the most glorious victory of his career. Sulk at Oyster Bay?—not Teddy. Himself out of the running, his three grown sons he has contributed to his country's cause and with all the power of his lungs and pen he is reclaiming noxious invertebrates of the Pacifist persuasion, many of whom were schooled in their philosophy by apostles at Washington, D. C. His division scattered, Colonel Roosevelt is serving his country as an inspiration, offsetting the deadly influence of academic idealists, by warming the people for action.—Town Talk.

WHAT has become of William Jennings Bryan? Did anyone ever hear such a vociferous silence from that quarter before? Could he be in Europe on a secret mission? Or does he only, like the philosopher, cultivate his garden?